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STATEMENT

OF THE

BREADALBANE CASE.

BY ALEXANDER SINCLAIR, Esq.

"FACTS ARE CHIELS THAT WINNA DING."

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MDCCCLXVI.



BREADALBANE FAMILY TREE.



JOHN GLAS CAMPBELL, First Earl.

||

DUNCAN, eldest Son. | JOHN, second Son.

|

|

PATRICK, || JOHN, third Earl; left no issue.

|

DUNCAN.

|

WILLIAM.

|

DONALD, present Claimant.

P R E F A C E.

JOHN, the first Earl of Breadalbane, lived in evil times—the times of revolution and war; and, like many other great men of his time, could only save the inheritance of his family, (if he would not become politically insignificant,) by resorting to something like a trimming policy, that could not be justly estimated by writers incapable of comprehending the exigencies of the age. Hence he is called an “old fox,” by one of these writers; and the shallow and flippant “beaten-track men,” of subsequent ages, seemed to think that they were showing their dignity and their wit, by applying similar epithets to his character. Nevertheless, writers of a larger and more independent grasp of mind, will hardly find among his contemporaries a more loyal or patriotic nobleman than *Iain Glas*, or John the swarthy, Earl of Breadalbane.

The Earl of Caithness, of the above period, was overwhelmed with debts; but, being married to a daughter of Argyle, John came to his rescue, and not only paid all his debts, but secured handsome annuities for life to his Countess and himself. This fact afforded an opportunity for the first misrepresentation of the character of John *Glas*; for it is said that the Earl of Caithness could not justly alienate the Earldom from his natural heir, Sinclair of Keiss. But at the above date, and, indeed down to the Union—or at least until the conquest of England by the Normans, titles in Scotland were territorial. The king of Scotland, up to that date, was merely the *Ceann-cath* or warhead of the people. He was neither the proprietor of the soil, the fountain of honour, nor the

source of laws or jurisdictions. It is assumed, we believe erroneously, that Malcolm Canmore was possessed of these powers, and conferred lands and titles; but certes it is, that if he was, he became possessed of them by usurpation. The so-called kings of the patriarchal clans were merely *Ceann-caths*, and no legislative enactment, or any other contract between the *Ceann-caths* and the people can be shown, whereby he was empowered to assume the functions of a feudal king. Hence, when Malcolm Canmore returned from his exile in England, and with the assistance of his uncle, and an English army, overthrew the so-called “usurper,” (but in reality the lawful *Ceann-cath*,) Macbeth, and granted charters of lands to his army and other adherents in Moray, the patriarchal clans were in a ferment, and regarded the grantees of the charter as vicious or violent possessors. This is well illustrated by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, in *Tait's Magazine*, in which he shows that Lochiel sent his clan on a foray to Moray, “where every pretty man had a right to take his prey;” but the Camerons unfortunately made a mistake, and took their “prey” in the country of the Grants. Being of course pursued, a severe skirmish took place, in which many were “hurt” on both sides. An explanation, as well as compensation, being demanded of Lochiel, by Grant of Glenmoriston on behalf of his Chief, the fact is ascertained that the patriarchal clans would not recognise the grantees of Malcolm as legal possessors; and, consequently, the district of Moray, in which they were settled, was looked upon for ages afterwards as a district, “where every pretty man had a right to take his prey.”

The clan district in the days of John *Glas*, and, indeed down to the battle of Culloden, was the property of the clan, who elected their own officials or local clan governments, on hereditary principle—that is, the Chiefs and *Ceann-tighes*, or heads of houses, were each selected from one of the three nearest in descent to the founder of the clan or house. This was a beautiful system, whereby the superiority was hereditary, but whereby the clan had the power of rejecting any obnoxious individual. This is the system which Richard of Cirencester describes, when he says that the Government of the ancient British clans was “an aristocracy founded on a democracy.”

The above being the tenure of property in the days of John, Earl of Breadalbane, there was no legal machinery whereby a man could be put or kept in the possession as actual proprietor of estates. Hence when, on the death of the Earl of Caithness, Sinclair of Keiss disputed the legality of the sale of the Earldom to John *Glas*, that astute Chief sent the *Croistaire* (properly *Crois-sar-ruith*, the Cross of surpassing speed) round Lochtay, and assembled the clan. The test of qualification for the expedition was leaping over the double plaid (four feet nine inches), fully accoutred and in marching order. Eight hundred Campbells were found qualified, and John the swarthy marched at the head of this band of heroes, to make good his right to the Earldom of Caithness. It may, perhaps, interest the reader to see how historical events are preserved (better than by any record) in the never-lost-sight-of poetry of the Highlands. We, therefore, quote the following three verses of the historical poem written on this occasion:—

Tha pìob agus bratach,
 A Bealach 'toirt caismeachd,
 Beinn Labhair 'na lasair,
 'S na gaisgich ag éiridh.

A bhodaich nam briogaisean,
 Nan lùireach 's nam briogaisean,
 A bhodaich nam briogaisean,
 'S mithich dhuibh éiridh.

'S àillidh, ge gruamach,
 Borb chòmhlaín nam fuar-bheann,
 Do Ghallabh a' gluasad,
 Chuir Thuathach nan éiginn.

A bhodaich, &c.

'S ann aig Ionair-na-h-Abhann,
 A dhùin sibh 's an sgathadh,
 Dh' fhàg ioma fear claidheamh,
 Na laidhe gun éiridh.

A bhodaich, &c.

TRANSLATION.

The pipe and the banner
 Are making proclamation in Bealach,
 Benlawers in a blaze,
 And the warriors rising.

Carles of the breeches,
 The * *lurachs* and the breeches,
 Carles of the breeches,
 'Tis time to be rising.

Beautiful though threatening of aspect,
 Is the fierce band of the cold hills,
 Marching to Caithness,
 To put the Northmen to extremity.

Carles, &c.

It was at Invernahavon,
 You closed in the slashing conflict,
 Which laid many a swordsman,
 On a bed from which there is no rising.

Carles, &c.

Swarthy John is blamed for seizing on the lands of the Sinclairs for the debts of the Earl, as, according to the *Cleachda* or law of the patriarchal clan, the land belonged to the people. The Sinclairs, however, were not regarded as a clan, or of native descent, but northmen who got lands from the *Ceann-cath*, and he could not be recognised by the clans, as in a legal title, to give away the lands of the people.

The peculiar power given to John, the swarthy, in his patent of nobility, to leave the title to whichever of his two sons by Lady Mary Rich he might prefer, by any writing under his own hand at any time during his life, shows that the Crown was aware of the

* Lurach was a padded coat used for protection by such Lowlanders as could not afford steel armour.

necessity, which its higher subjects were under, of having one of the family on different sides. John and his eldest son were devoted to the Stewart family; but the awful state of the time required that his other son would take the opposite side. It is impossible to read the patent without feeling convinced that such was the object of the peculiar and discretionary power contained in it. John, however, although fortune went against the side to which his eldest son devoted himself, could not bring himself to do an act that might appear to denote that he preferred the youngest. He never, therefore, executed any writing, under his own hand, at any period of his life, appointing his youngest son to the title; but, on the narrative that the youngest son had applied the fortune of his wife, to the payment of the family debts, he put him in a position to retain the estate during the period necessary for his repayment. It is impossible to doubt that such, and such alone, was the object of the entail; and nobly, as is shown in the pamphlet, did the youngest son keep faith with his father and his brother in every respect. He never interfered in the management of the estates; but accepted and received quietly such annuity as his brother and himself considered necessary. His son acted towards his father's nephew, big Patrick, with similar moderation and disinterestedness.

STATEMENT
OF THE
BREADALBANE CASE.

THERE is a tradition, well known to the descendants of the Family of Lawers, that Duncan, son of the first Earl, eloped with Marjorie Campbell, daughter of the Laird of Lawers. The ballads to which the elopement gave occasion, and the facts of his marriage and having heirs, are proved by the history and subsequent circumstances of himself and his descendants. The Earl was opposed to the marriage of his heir with the portionless daughter of a clansman, and placed his son under strict surveillance. Duncan's elopement, in the guise of a fiddler, with his beloved Marjorie, to conceal his marriage, and screen her father from the resentment of the Earl, produced several humorous ballads, such as follow:—

Fonn.—Horò ! a bhean, an gabh thu e,
 Horò ! a bhean, an gabh thu e,
 Horò ! a bhean an gabh thu e,
 A bhean, an gabh thu 'm fidhleir ?

Bha nighean aig Fear Labhair,
'Fhuair ainm bhi aotrom aigeanta,
'S a theich á tigh a h-athar
Thar an aiseag leis an fhìdhleir.

Horò, &c,

Ach ged b' aotrom aigeant' i,
 Bha géire 's tùr aig Marsaili,
 Fhuair còir air oighre Bhealaich,
 'S cha b' e luinnseach għlas a dh' fhidhleir.

TRANSLATION.

Chorus.—Hey! lady, wilt thou have him,
 Hey! lady, wilt thou have him,
 Hey! lady, wilt thou have him,
 Lady, wilt thou have the fiddler?

Lawers had a daughter
 Who got the name of being flighty and self-willed,
 And she fled from her father's house,
 Across the ferry with the fiddler.

Hey! lady, &c.

But, though flighty and self-willed,
 There was acuteness and prudence in Marjorie,
 Who got a right to the heir of Taymouth,
 And not a sluggish, swarthy fiddler.

Another version runs thus:—

Nighean òg aig Tighearn Labhair,
 Dh'fhalbh i leis an fhidhleir,
 'S 'n uair a chual a h-athair e,
 Cha 'n fhanadh e r'a dhinneir.

TRANSLATION.

The young daughter of the Laird of Lawers
 Went away with the fiddler,
 And when her father heard of it
 He pursued without waiting for his dinner.

The following verses are ascribed to Duncan himself:—

Thuirt am fidhleir mòr le gradaig,
 Séid suas, a phìobair,

Tha 'ghaothl o thuath toirt air Lochtatha,
 Cathadh a chur m'a chriochan,
 Is Marsaili a' call a tuair,
 A d'haisigeadh 'na mìn-éididh
 Séid suas, cuir teas 'n ar casan
 Oidhche mhear ar bainnse.

TRANSLATION.

The big fiddler exclaimed quickly,
 Blow up, piper !
 The north wind causes Lochtay
 To cover its boundaries with raging drift ;
 And Marjorie is getting pale,
 Who ferried across in slender habiliments ;
 Blow up ! put mettle in our feet,
 On the merry night of our wedding.

These ballads will be proved traditionally to refer to the elopement of Duncan Campbell with Marjorie Campbell. Extracts from the parish register show that Duncan Campbell and Marjorie Campbell were having lawful children baptised. The baptisms of their second son, John, and female children, are registered. The non-registration of the baptism of Patrick, their eldest son, may be accounted for, by the same necessity still existing for concealment, which occasioned the elopement, viz., to screen Marjorie's father from the resentment of the Earl. The carelessness about registration, and especially about designating the parties registered, may also be accounted for by a state of society, in which every clan formed an exclusive community, permanently located in a district where every body knew every body. It may, at the same time, be remarked, that these registers themselves bear evidence of having been tampered with—leaves having been abstracted and others substituted. [See Extracts and Precognitions of Isabella's descendants, who call her the daughter of "Lord Ormelie."]

At the accession of William III. and Mary, John Glas, Earl of

Breadalbane, was the most influential nobleman in the Highlands; and it was with good cause that the Government employed a nobleman so popular to conciliate the Highland clans. Armed with full powers by King William, he entered into a treaty with the Highland Chiefs, at Auchallader House by which they agreed to recognise the Government, on the condition that the King, on his part, would free them and their people from the feudal superiorities, which had been the cause of all the disturbances in the Highlands for many centuries. The King ratified the treaty, but the great feudal Lords refused to surrender their superiorities without a pecuniary equivalent. The King was not in a position to buy up those superiorities; and, in his absence on the Continent, his ministers took it upon themselves, to order the Duke of Leinster to march his troops, towards the confines of the Highlands; but Queen Mary peremptorily countermanded the order, as there was a truce, she said, between her husband and his northern subjects. (For the treaty, and other circumstances, see “The Memoirs of Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel.”) The assassination of the Jacobite clans was at last decided upon, as a cheaper measure, and the massacre of Glencoe—which was only the perpetration of a part of the diabolical plan—has fixed an indelible stain upon the memory of William and his ministers. It is proper to observe here, that the *Black* Colonel Campbell of Glenlyon, who acted only at the butchery, under the orders of his Government, was a different person from his younger brother, the *Red* Colonel, who commanded the Breadalbane men, under Duncan, at the battle of Sherriff-muir.

Fired with indignation at the treachery of the King and his ministers, and the insult to himself personally involved in the violation of the Treaty, the Earl of Breadalbane and his eldest son, Duncan, determined to throw their powerful influence into the opposite scale, and accordingly set about the organization of their countrymen for the restoration of the Stuarts. The enterprise presented brilliant prospects of success; but, as the issue of battles does not depend upon human calculations, the Earl, who had resolved to commit himself, and his eldest son, and his two grand-

sons, to the uncertainty of war, had entered into an arrangement with his eldest son, and his two grandsons, to secure the succession to the honours and estates to his second son, John, in the event of failure. That the arrangement was purely political, appears in the clearest light by the fact of the second son setting himself in opposition to his father, brother, and the whole Breadalbane clan, and siding with their enemies. Hence, clauses in the entail clearly show that the accession of Duncan, or his surviving heir, was made contingent on the success of the enterprise. The clauses are—"And the heir male of the said Colin Campbell, his body, which failing, to such one or more persons, to be nominated and designated by the said John Campbell, Earl of Breadalbane, by any writ under his hand, at any time in his lifetime, to be his heirs of tailzie, and to succeed him in the lands, earldom, titles of honour, dignities, and others." As Colin Campbell was an old unmarried man at the above date, and he never was married, he must have been introduced for a purpose, which his death in 1716 rendered nugatory;—[see his last will and testament]—while the reservation, "by any writ under the Earl's own handwriting," must have referred to the reponing of Duncan (or his surviving son or sons) in his rights, in the event of success. Hence the blind hostility of the clan, which compelled John, the so-called second Earl, to take shelter in the crowded streets of London, until the Rebellion of 1745. [See the Deed appointing Commissioners, and the Precognitions.]

In the organization of the insurrection John Glas was most active. He raised in France a body of 1400 cavalry, and paid their passage from Dunkirk. He brought into the field the Camerons, M'Intoshes, M'Kenzies, M'Donalds, Menzieses of Culdares, Robertsons of Strowan, and others, the chiefs nearly all of whom were his own relatives. He raised his own clan in Argyleshire, who agreed to remain at home, on condition that an equal number of Argyle's men would do the same, to prevent the effusion of Campbell blood. He raised his own Breadalbane men; and they, under the nominal command of the *Red* Colonel Campbell of Glenlyon, but, in reality, under Duncan, and his sons, Patrick and John, fought with such spirit and determination at the battle of Sheriffmuir, that the Royal

troops opposed to them, and to the M'Donalds, were in a moment overthrown with terrific slaughter—an achievement which has in the words of the conqueror, "covered them with glory." [Gaelic Historical Poetry, Precognitions, and Master of Sinclair's Memoirs.]

The Earl of Breadalbane was upwards of eighty years of age at the time of the battle, and the command of his French cavalry was given to others. The Gaelic Historical Poetry seems to indicate that the ill-success of the enterprise was owing to the inefficiency or treachery of the officers who commanded the Earl's French troops, and the conduct of the cavalry countenances the idea. [See Master of Sinclair's Memoirs.] The Earl himself was at first present with his men, and as he expressed his determination to conquer or die at the head of the clan, it required a little gentle violence on the part of a faithful clansman to prevail upon him to withdraw. His grandson, Patrick,* Duncan's eldest son, who had generously spared the life of the *Tainistear* of Argyle, was himself severely wounded, made prisoner, and lodged in Stirling Jail. [Patten and Rae's His.; and Precognitions, &c.] All the Historical Gaelic poetry, which refers to the battle, celebrates the bravery of Duncan and his sons. M'Ivor says—

Fonn.—Thogainn fonn, thogainn fonn gu foirmeil,
 Thogainn fonn, thogainn fonn gu foirmeil,
 Thogainn fonn gu farumach,
 Air lasgairean Bhraidalbainn.

I. Dh-innseadh latha Sliabh-an-t-siorraidh,
 Nach robh sibh anns an iomairt clearbach,
 Gu'n do theich na bleideirean,
 Ach sheas iad, fir Bhraidalbainn.
 Thogainn fonn, &c.

* Duncan expressed his disapproval of this act of generosity on the part of his son in words which have passed into the proverb—"Bu dochá leam mo nàmhaid fhaicinn marbh no beò."

II. Bha Donnach' ar sàr cheann-cinnidh ann,
 'S a mhic bha dligheach calma,
 Para Mòr is Iain,
 Bha dàna clis fo armaibh.

Thogainn fonn, &c.

T R A N S L A T I O N .

I will sing a song, I will sing a rattling song.
 I will sing a song with spirit,
 I will sing a stirring song
 Of the gallant men of Breadalbane.

I. The battle of Sheriffmuir proved
 That you were not inexpert in action,
 The poltroons fled,
 But the men of Breadalbane stood.

I will sing, &c.

II. Duncan, the surpassing head of the clan, was there,
 And his sons, faithful and stalwart;
 Big Patrick and John,
 Who were daring and expert in arms.

I will sing, &c.

Among the mass of poetry found in the repositories of the late eminent traditionist, Ronald M'Donnell,* Esq., Keppoch, was the following, on the above subject, in his own handwriting:—

Bha Donnach Mòr ann le dhà mhac,
 'S bu reachdmhor, neartmhор calma iad.
 Le 'm brataich nach tug troidh air ais,
 Ach sior chur as do dhearganaich.

* Ronald and his uncles were great antiquaries, and held that Turner's Collection of Gaelic poems, published about 60 years since—especially the political or Jacobite songs—were horribly garbled. Hence the mass of MSS. referred to, and which have been handed to the Claimant, for preservation, by Mrs. M'Donnell, his brother's wife.

TRANSLATION.

Big Duncan was there, with his two sons,
 And haughty and powerful were they,
 With their banner that never gave back a foot,
 But continually destroying the red-coats.

The celebrated and sweet poetess, Silas M'Donnell, of Keppoch, sings thus, in a MS. in the same handwriting :—

Fir Bhraidalbainn na brataich bhalla-bhuidh,
 Bu mhòr ainm ann an armait Mhàir;
 Ged bha 'ur Donnacha 'na cheannard calma,
 'S a mhic neo-clearbach an teas a' bhlàir,
 Na 'm biodh Iain Glas ach na leth cheud bliadhna,
 'S a chuid Fhrangach aige féin,
 Cha deach an nàmhaid do àite-còmhnuidh
 Gun an tòir bhi air an déigh.

TRANSLATION.

Men of Breadalbane, of the yellow-spotted banner,
 So greatly famed in the army of Mar,
 Although your Duncan was a stalwart leader,
 And his sons not inexpert in the heat of battle,
 Had John Glas been only in his fiftieth year,
 And his own Frenchmen under his command,
 The enemy had not gained their dwelling-place
 Without having the pursuit after them.

After his father's death, Duncan and his two sons retired to his own estate in the braes of Glenorchy, making the mansion-house of Catinnis (as it was called of old, or Innischatain) now Auchinnischalain, his residence; but it would have endangered the entail had he taken the title of Earl, or the style of proprietor. Hence, he styles his father Earl of Breadalbane, and his brother Lord Glenorchy, and himself, "me, Duncan Campbell," in a deed which will

be produced. [See the charter, granted to him by his grandfather, of the lands of Auchinnischalain, Catinnis, Larig, Lochs and pertinents.] The famous contemporary Glenorchy bard, Duncan M'Intyre, makes repeated mention of these heroes, such as follows. In his poem of "Cumhadh Coire a' Cheathaich," he says:—

Is duilich leam an càramh,
 Th' air Coire gorm an f hăsaich,
 An robh mi greis g' am ârach,
 'S a' bhràighe so thall,
 'S iomadh fear a bhàrr orm
 A thaitneadh e 'ra nădur,
 Na 'm biodh e mar bhă e,
 'Nuair dh'fhàg mi e nall,
 Gunnaireachd is lămhach,
 Spuitr is aobhar-ghàire
 A chleachd bhi aig na h-àrmuinn
 A b'âbhaist bhi 's a' Ghleann ;
 Rinn na fir ud fhàgail,
 'S Mac Eòghainn th'ann an dràsta,
 Mar chlach an ionaid cämpaig,
 An àite na bh'ann.

T R A N S L A T I O N .

Sad to me is the treatment
 Of the green corrie abounding in grass,
 Where I was a while brought up,
 In the braes up over the way.
 There is many a man besides me
 Whose nature it would please,
 If it would be as it was
 When I left it over here.
 Loading, priming, and firing,
 Sports and amusements,
 Were customary with the "heroes"
 Who used to reside in the Glen ;
 Those had left it.
 It is M'Ewen that is now there,—
 A stone in the place of a cheese,
 Compared to them who used to be there.

refers to Patrick in—

Ach ma 's duine do shliochd Phàdraig,

Théid a nis do 'n AITE,

'S gu'n cuir e as a làraich,

An* tàchran a th'ann,

Bidh an coire mar a bha e,

Bidh laoigh is aighean dàr' ann,

Bidh daimh a dol 's an dàmhair,

Air fàsach nam beann.

Bidh buic 's na badain bhlàtha,

Na bric 's an amhainn laimh riu,

'S na féidh air srath na Làraig,

Ag àrach nam mang.

Thig gach ni gu 'ábhaist,

Le aighear is le àbhachd,

Nuair gheibh am Baran bàirlinn

Sud fhagail na dheann.

TRANSLATION.

But if it be a man of Patrick's race,

Who will now go to the place,

And turn out of his situation

The aparition that is there.

The corrie shall then be as it was,

Fawns shall be there and lusty hinds ;

The stags shall be entering the rutting ground

In the grassy mountain preserves.

Roebucks shall be in the warm thickets,

Trouts in the river beside them,

And deer in the strath of the Larig

Rearing their fawns.

* Lord Glenorchy, in whose favour the entail was made, never enforced, or attempted to enforce the entail against his brother, Duncan, or his nephew, Big Patrick. He contented himself with a small annuity from the estates—which is greatly to his credit under the circumstances—but it seems to have made him contemptible in the eyes of such as were ignorant of the circumstances. His son, the author's brother.

All will return to use and wont,
 With mirth and diversion,
 And the Baron will be warned
 To quit the place in hot haste.

In M'Intyre's descriptive poem of Ben Doran, he refers to Patrick, describing his dexterity and his rifle thus:—

Is culaidh g'a chur éug
 Duin' a dheananadh éuchd,
 Gunna bu mhath gléus,
 An glaic òganaich,
 Spòr anns am bi bearn,
 Tarrann air a ceann,
 Snap a bhuaileadh teann
 Ris na h-òrdaibh i ;
 Ochd shlisneach gun fheall
 Stoc do'n fhiadh gun mheang,
 Lotadh an damh seang,
 A's a leònadh e.
 'S fear a bhiodh mar cheaird
 Riu sònraichte,
 Dh' f hògnadh dhoibh gun taing,
 Le chuid seòlainean ;
 Gheibhte sud ri àm
 Pàdruig anns a' gheann,
 Gillean a's coin sheang,
 'S e toirt òrdugh dhoibh.
 Peileirean 'nan deann,
 Teine g'an cur ann,
 Eilid nam beann àrd,
 Théid a leònadh leo.

TRANSLATION.

A hero of hardy deeds
 Is requisite to kill him,
 A well-trimmed gun
 In a young man's grasp.

A notched flint,
 Well secured by a nail ;
 A trigger to strike it fast
 Against the hammer ;
 An unerring octolateral rifle,
 A stock of unblemished wood,
 That would wound the slender stag
 And disable him.

It is a man who made it his trade,
 Particularly,
 That would kill in spite of them,
 By his artful dexterity.

Such could have been found on a time,
 Patrick in the glen,
 Attendants and lanky hounds,
 He giving them directions.

Bullets flying,
 Fire giving them speed,
 The hind of the lofty mountains
 Would be wounded by them.

Patrick had a seat in Coire-chruiteir, where he sat, directing the chase; and the opposite hill was set apart for hard-pressed deer, the gaining of which, by a mettlesome stag, was the immediate signal for the discontinuance of the chase.

His seat was held in great veneration long after, and used to be visited by ardent young sportsmen, that they might have the honour to sit on Big Patrick's seat.—[See Precognitions.]

John Hay Allan, Esq., commemorates the said practice of Big Patrick in his “Last Deer of Ben Doran,” in the following strain,—
 Page 65:—

The Campbell was a generous foe,
 And though full oft his dread hallo
 Waked the pursuit and cheered the chase,
 Much loved he aye the dun deer's race,
 And but waged war for glory's sake
 On the dark dwellers of the brake.

And when ne gainst them took the wold,
 Sooth 'twas with gallant train and bold,
 And in such guise as honoured well
 The crested monarch of the fell.
 And when the heat of the chase was o'er,
 Protection kind he toward them bore,
 And right and free they roamed at will
 Their own green glen and heathery hill.

The late Marquis was anxious to engraft himself upon the stock of Patrick; and the following burlesque was composed by M'Coll, an Appin bard, on the occasion of his going to meet, at the head of a party of the tenantry, George IV. in Edinburgh in 1822:—

Chaidh Morair Ghleann-urchaidh an uiridh do Lîte,
 Air cheann a chuid gillean a shealltainn an Rîgh
 Nuair bhuidhinn e'n deas-lamh 's e sheas i fior,
 Le prasgan de thuath-cheathairne,
 Sheasamh cruaidh anns gach strì;
 Cha'n 'eil iasg ann an Loch Batha,
 No anns an aigeal so shuas,
 Nach d' éirich air mhire-chatha,
 Leis an iomairt so ghluais,
 Cheann Bana-mhorair Ghleann-urchaidh,
 Thighinn cho suilbhír a nuas,
 Shealltuinn a cuid fearainn,
 'S a thoirt meachan d' a tuath ;
 An t-àite 'm bi sinn,
 Cha bhi sinn fo phràmh,
 Bidh sliochd Phàdraig a' dìreadh,
 'S cha'n islich am blàth,
 Fhad 's a bhios iasg and am Bath,
 'S Loch Tatha gun trathadh.

T R A N S L A T I O N .

Lord Glenorchy last year went to Leith,
 At the head of his men, to see the King:
 When he gained the right hand he stood it true,

with a band of his tenantry,
 Who always in conflict stood firm.
 There is no fish in Loch Batha,
 Nor in the deep down the way,
 That has not started in battle frenzy,
 By the hurry-burry that arose,
 In consequence of Lady Glenorchy
 Having so cheerily come up this way
 To see her *landed possessions*,
 And give abatements to *her tenants*:
 Wherever our lot may be cast,
 Melancholy we shall not be.
 Patrick's race shall ever ascend,
 And their blossoms ne'er shall fade away,
 So long as there is fish in Batha,
 And Loch Tay has not run dry.

Ignoring the sarcasm, his Lordship coolly applied this song to his own family, and caused the late Rev. Mr M'Dongal, of Killin, to translate it into English.—[See Precognitions.]

John, the second son of Duncan Campbell, in Auchinniscallan, married Mary Campbell, daughter of Mr Campbell of Blarchaorainn, and had three sons and one daughter, viz., Alexander, Colin, Patrick, and Margaret.—[See his testamentdative.] His eldest son, Alexander, had married the sister of Sir Evan Cameron of Fassifern, and Colin an English lady. Both died very suddenly after their marriage; and their sudden deaths, had so strongly impressed their brother, Patrick, who was a captain in the 42d Royal Highlanders, with a superstitions dread, that it deterred him ever after from marriage.—[See the Precognitions.]

Patrick Campbell, eldest son of Duncan Campbell, Auchinniscallan, married Jean M'Nab, aunt of Francis M'Nab of M'Nab.—[See Precognitions.] In 1750 he, then only son of Duncan Campbell in Auchinniscallan, received from the third Earl a charter of Westerstick, &c., which was registered in 1752.—[Which see.] Patrick Campbell and Jean M'Nab had a son baptized, called Duncan, in 1715.—[See extracts of his baptism.] This son Dun-



can Campbell, Carquhin, or rather Coirechunna, married Janet M'Andrew, Fernan.—[See extract of their proclamation of banns, 1746.] Duncan, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his grandfather's—who went among the people of Glenorchy to dissuade them from rising with his grandson [See Precognitions], until France should perform the promises that Power had given to himself and to his father in 1715—joined Prince Charles with all his personal friends.

John, the second Earl, who, as above stated, had been obliged to fly the country for not giving up (no doubt according to the first Earl's intention, as implied in the entail), the titles and estates to his brother, Duncan, now returned from London, in the interest of Government; and, meeting Johnny Cope at Amulree, sent the fiery-cross round Loch Tay in three hours, but not a man followed the signal. [See the Precognitions, &c., and General Stewart's Sketches of the Highland Regiments.] Sir John Cope had, therefore, no alternative but to send back, under a strong guard to Stirling, the stand of Arms intended for the Campbells. [See Chambers's History of the '45, and Lord M'Mahon's.] It would appear, however, that Duncan, his grand-nephew, was joined by so considerable a body of men, that he was, at the outset of the enterprise, considered the third man, in power, in the Highland army, while he held the first place in the affections of Prince Charles. [See Sir Walter Scott's "Waverley," and Precognitions.] And it appears from M'Donald's Song, called "The Ark," that he was engaged in several successful actions. He was the most accomplished swordsman of the age; hence his famous soubriquet of "Big Duncan of the Sword." He was an excellent French scholar, and was employed, nearly all his life, on confidential missions between the exiled family and their Highland supporters. Hence his soubriquet of "French Duncan." He is not less known in all the Highland districts—except Breadalbane, where the partizans of the Stewarts were never considered rebels—as "Big Duncan the Rebel." On the retreat of the Highland army to the north he was dispatched from Inverness, by Prince Charles, to raise his clan in a body, to defend the passage of the Spey against the

English army. The clan, to the number of eight hundred, obeyed his summons; but when about to march at the head of this new levy, he was surprised at night, in his own house, by Argyll, who had marched from Perth to intercept him, with two regiments of dragoons, and lodged him in Stirling Jail. [See *Precognitions, &c.*]

The clan, having thus lost their chivalrous Chiefs, and having no confidence in his impetuous brother, John—who had offered to lead them—dispersed in great numbers; but a part, under the command of John, joined Prince Charles in the north. [See *Tradition*, published in the *Inverness Advertiser*, eighteen years ago.]

Hence the unfortunate and ill-devised night march of the Highland army, before the battle of Culloden, which now appears so imprudent, was defeated by the vigilance of Argyll, though, very probably, wisely preconcerted. All the Highland clans unite in saying, that if Duncan had been present with his eight hundred men, the battle of Culloden would certainly have had a different issue, as his influence with Prince Charles was such, that the Highland army would have been drawn up in a position to secure complete success. There can be little doubt that if the Royal army had escaped no small danger from the dispirited night march, its destruction would have been inevitable by such an accession of force under so formidable a leader as Big Duncan of the Sword; and it is impossible to say what effect the imprisonment of his favourite had upon Prince Charles, and the final issue of the enterprise. One cannot help regretting that the feudal leanings of Sir Walter Scott should have obscured his mental vision, so as only to produce Fergus M'Ivor, of whom Big Duncan was the prototype, from the abundant materials he must have had at command; and to prostitute his talents by representing a nobleman of so exalted a character as meanly bargaining for a title—a nobleman who had sacrificed to principle not only the finest estates, and one of the most ancient titles in Scotland, but at last his family ties and worldly prospects, to a love as devoted as it is rare. But though the true history of the two cousins, Lochiel and Big Duncan of the Sword, would now redound greatly to the fame of Sir Walter Scott, it would not then have added much to his pecuniary resources.

Duncan's impetuous brother, "Dark-haired John," or "John the Fierce," as he was called, having joined the Prince, as above stated, was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Culloden. He, and between three and four hundred other Highland prisoners, were enclosed in a square of English soldiers, and subjected to the grossest abuse by their unmanly captors, more especially a blustering dragoon, who strode about flourishing his sword, and offering to fight any Highlander. Argyll, who had contributed more to the success of the Royal troops than history has recorded, happening to be passing, rode up to the commanding officer, and indignantly told him that there were among their prisoners many who, upon a promise of liberty, could foil the best swordsman in the Royal army. John the Fierce, who felt pleased with the warmth of Argyll, though an enemy, said—"John, John, had you been such a man as this in the morning the battle would have had a different issue. Let me try him. I am the best swordsman in Breadalbane, except my brother, Big Duncan, and if I get my own sword, which is in that fellow's hand, I will make short work of it." John, having had his own sword restored to him, was pitted against the English champion. The combat was of short duration, the Englishman's head having soon rolled upon the ground. A garbled account of this singular combat appeared in the first editions of Chambers's History of the Rebellion, but was suppressed in later editions. [See *Precognitions*.]

Duncan, after an imprisonment of six months in Stirling jail, effected his escape, and found Breadalbane laid under military law, and garrisons placed in Finlarig Castle, at the head of Loch Tay, and in Kilchuirn Castle, in Glenorchy. Now an outlaw, he passed seven years under hiding in the recesses of Balquhidder, Glenbeich, and Glenogle, and in Coire-du-Mhàlagain, in Glenorchy. In the course of his outlawry he went on a mission to Prince Charles; and a meeting having been arranged to be held in London to concert measures for a new rising, a considerable number of English and Scottish adherents of rank, met Prince Charles and Big Duncan on their return thither. But the object of the meeting having been betrayed to the Government by Miss Walkinshaw, the mistress

of the Prince, orders were at once given to Argyll to break up the meeting, and he accordingly surrounded the house where the meeting was held, with all the troops at his disposal. Argyll informed the conspirators that the Government was apprised of their treasonable designs, and that their names being all known, this evidence of disaffection should be held over them for their future good conduct; and, addressing Prince Charles, he told him that, as the Government wanted not to have anything to do with him, he must quit the country. [See Stuart Papers and the Precognitions; also Scott's "Red Gauntlet."]

The indomitable Big Duncan of the Sword returned to the Highlands, and immediately visited the country of the Camerons, to feel their pulse for a second rising. The spirit of revolt had then reached a dangerous height. The disarming and disclothing enactments, and the butcheries and brutalities which succeeded the battle of Culloden, had united all the Highland clans in the fiercest hostility, and there was nothing more ardently desired than the presence of Prince Charles to lead them to the field. Duncan was, however, recognised by the soldiers stationed at Auchnacarry, the seat of Lochiel, and they pursued him across the Lochy into the country of the Camerons of Dochanassie. The Dochanassie men joined in the pursuit, ostensibly to assist the soldiers, but in reality to facilitate the escape of the fugitive. By turning upon his pursuers at intervals, he slew fourteen of the boldest of them, and when he had entered the defile of Glengloy, the Camerons told the survivors, that, if they entered the gorge before them, not one of them would escape the keen-edged blade that had already made such havoc among them. Then the military and the Camerons adjourned to the Inn at Greybridge for refreshments, where one of the Camerons extemporaneously proposed the health of the daring rebel in the following verses:—

So deoch slàinte a' ghaisgich,
Nach robh tais anns an teugbhoile,
'Choisinn ainm le dheadh chlaidheamh,
'S do righ aineoil nach géilleadh,

'S ole am fasan do chàirdean,
 Bhi mi-ghràdhach ri chéile—
 'S oil gach fear leis nach àill e
 So deoch slàinte an Réubail.

TRANSLATION.

Here is a health to the hero,
 Who was not soft in the conflict,
 Who gained a name with his good sword,
 And did not yield to a foreign king.

It is a bad custom for friends
 To be to one another unfriendly.
 Despite all gainsayers,
 Here is a health to the rebel.—See *Precognitions*.

The following, composed in Argyllshire, on the occasion of the above mission to Prince Charles, makes mention also of his imprisonment in Stirling, and of his being of the family of the braes of Glenorchy :—

Fonn.—Bodaich nam briogais
 Nan lùireach 's nam briogais,
 Bodaich nam briogais ghabh an retreat.
 Donnacha mòr bha làidir,
 'S e theaghlaich a' Bhràighe,
 'S dar thogadh e lann, cha 'n fhàgadh e beum leatha.
 Nach iad bha lìonmhòr nuair chuir iad am prìosan thu,
 Ann am baile mòr Shruithluath!
 'S a Righ! gu'm b'e am beud e
 Gu'n deach thu thar sàile.
 Chumail cuideachd ri Tearlaoch,
 'S ma philleas tu sàbhailt,
 Gu'm bi àireamh air cheudan.
 Is e 'n Caimbeulach inich,
 Ga'n tig bonaid is itean,
 Claidheamh a's piostuil, a's criosan a's éile.

TRANSLATION.

Chorus.—The carles with the breeches,
 With sluggish great-coats and breeches ;
 The carles with the breeches,
 Have taken to their heels.
 When Big Duncan, the powerful,
 Who was of the family of the Braes,
 Would raise his blade he would not leave a remnant with it.
 How numerous were they, when they placed thee in jail,
 In the city of Stirling !
 And, O King ! great pity it was,
 Thou hast gone over the sea,
 To hold conference with Charles,
 And if thou shalt return in safety,
 Hundreds shall be numbered,
 (Slain by thy sword.)
 Well does it become the symmetrical Campbell
 (To wear) a bonnet and feathers,
 A sword and pistol, belts and kilt.

It was when Duncan was under hiding in Coire-du-mhàlgain, in Glenorchy, that his brother officer, Alexander M'Donald, the royal bard of Prince Charles, composed his song called "The Ark," in which he celebrates Duncan, under his Breadalbane name of "Fearchoirechunna," Anglicised—Carwhin. The bard fancifully describes a flood as about to overwhelm Argyll, for its disloyalty; and sets about the building of an ark, for the reception of the friends of the Stuarts. Coirechunna's grandfather was then at Auchinniscallan with Alexander, Colin, and Patrick, the orphan sons of his deceased son, John, and the bard provides accommodation in the ark for all the family, celebrating his friend Coirechunna in the following strain:—

Ma thàrlas ort Fear-choirechunna,
 Na fàg fo chunnart nan tonn e,
 Thoir air bàrd a steach an curaiddh,
 'S buin ris urramach neo-lompais.

Ma dh' fhaireas tu caibtean Dunnacha
 A measg na tromlaich 'gad ruighinn
 G'a t-attach ag iarraidh bùird ort,
 Cùir le sùrd a steach ad chridh e.

'S gach aon duine eile de 'n teaghlaich,
 Na bi maoth-blath riu 'na d'chridhe,
 Thoir dhoibh teine, leab', is ārdach,
 Deoch, is failte, is mòran bidhe.

Tha 'n saighdear agus an Criosdaidh,
 Ann am pearsa ghrinn a' chaibtein ;
 'S a phonca riogail cho luchdmhor
 'S a chaoqidh gu 'n tuit e air a thapadh.

Tha e cho mòdhar ri maighdinn,
 Siobholt, caoimhneil, gun taiseadh,
 Gun chais', gun raise, gun straighlich,
 Làn sgoinn ri uchd a' bhaiteil.

Tha e direach, riogail, rùnach,
 Tha e fiughantach, gun strò ann,
 Tha e cuimseach, glic 'na ghiùlan,
 Flathail, cùirteil, gun ghne mhòr-chuis.

Tha e mèinneach, iochdmhor, bàigheil,
 Tròcaireach, càirdeach, làn athtruais,
 Guineach, ri naimhde 's na blàraibh
 Gus an tàrrar leis fo smachd iad.

Uime siu, Alasdair ghaolaich,
 Gabh an caomhanachs' na t-ārdraich,
 'S gach aon duine eile d' a dhaoine,
 Feuch dhoibh aoidhealachd is càirdeas.

An t-éitean, glan briogail.
 Gun mholl, gun ghìomh, gun rùsg càtha ;
 Claidheamh cho cruidh, agaiteach, riogail,
 'S a thàirneadh gu gniomh le Tearlach.

TRANSLATION.

It will come (the flood) lik a wild spate,
 That sweeps away every thing that it meets ;
 Every one that's at heart a rebel,
 It will strip bare as a stone.

If you meet the man of Carwhin,
 Leave him not in danger of the waves ;
 Take on board that man,
 And treat him honourably, not scantily.

If you perceive Captain Duncan,
 In the midst of the tumult coming towards thee,
 Asking thee to give him entertainment,
 Receive him with gladness into thy inmost heart.

To every one of his family
 Give a cheerful welcome ;
 Give them fire, beds and lodging,
 A social reception, drink and food.

The soldier and the Christian,
 Are combined in the symmetrical form of the Captain ;
 His thoughts are so loyal and well-weighed,
 That in heroic enterprise he is ever successful.

He is mild as a maiden,
 Polite and kind, yet unflinching ;
 Without perverseness, rashness, or vaunting,
 And full of vigilance in the heat of the conflict.

He is direct, loyal, and affectionate ;
 He is liberal, without extravagance ;
 He is temperate and wise in his conduct ;
 Chief-like and courteous, without ostentation.

He is affable, compassionate, tender,
 Merciful, friendly, and bountiful ;
 But fierce and unrelenting in battle,
 Until the enemy is brought into subjection.

Therefore, dear Alexander,
 Receive this beloved one into thy ark ;
 And also every one of his kindred,
 And show them hospitality and kindness.

He is the top-grain (of the stalk) clean, true, and substantial,
 Without chaff, flaw, or husk of seeds ;
 A swordsman as hardy and loyal,
 As ever drew a blade for Charles.

The third Earl could not help admiring the uncompromising character of his cousin, and Big Duncan, though an outlaw, was, therefore, a frequent guest at Taymouth Castle. His lady and himself received an invitation to dinner, on the occasion of a party of English nobility being entertained at the Castle. Duncan was six feet four inches in height, and Janet M'Andrew, was nearly six feet; but so exquisitely proportioned was he, that he did not appear to be the taller. The Earl was exceedingly proud of his handsome cousins, and, in the course of the entertainment, desired them to stand up side by side, as a specimen of his clan, that his guests might see the difference in their stature. Duncan feeling annoyed at his calling them a specimen of his clan, said, "I am not a specimen of your clan; though you are the Earl I am your Chief," and taking his lady's arm, he immediately quitted the banquet-hall.
 [See Precognitions.]

When the cause of the Stuarts had become hopelessly desperate, the Duke of Argyll and the third Earl—then childless—used their utmost endeavours to prevail upon Duncan to submit to Government, offering to procure for him a full pardon; but he sternly refused, declaring that there would be at least one man in Scotland, who would never give up his loyalty, and the principle, *that a whole dynasty should not be dethroned for the sins of one individual*. He soon after, it is supposed, joined Prince Charles, and never more returned, though his people expected him to the last. Hence the oft-quoted bard, Duncan Bàn M'Intyre, in his lament on the death of the third Earl, anticipated his return in its concluding verse:—

Ged tha 'm fear a thig ad àite,
 Thall an tràths' thair chuaintean mòr ;
 Guidheam dlù gu'n tig e sàbhailt,
 Soirbheas àrd ri cùl gach seòil,
 A dh-fhaotainn seilbh air an t-saibhreas,
 'S air an oighreachd sin bu chòir ;
 Ghabhail cùram d'a chuid fearainn,
 'S d'a chuid daoine, sean is òg.

T R A N S L A T I O N .

Although he that shall succeed thee,
 Is at present on the other side of the seas,
 My prayer is that he shall come safely,
 With a high breeze at the back of every sail,
 To take possession of the wealth,
 And the heirship belonging to him of right,
 To take care of his lands,
 And his people, old and young.

The third Earl, then, had no alternative, but to place a creature of his own, in possession, to hold the estates in trust until the heir should be able to claim them. But it appears that he had no confidence in this person, and therefore he inserted in the entail the clause to the effect, that some persons may have been overlooked or omitted by the maker thereof, and that the honours might be thereby separated from the estates, which was contrary to the spirit and meaning of the settlement of 1704, and of the entail then about to be created, in which case, however, it was thereby provided and declared, that the party succeeding to the honours, and making good his claim in course of law to the said titles and honours, should also be entitled to the whole estates, in the same way as if his name were contained in the destination of heirs in the said settlement, and to compel the heir, who might be in possession, to denude in his favour of the whole estates.

The third Earl's doubts were not belied, and when John Campbell succeeded to the estates, he assumed the titles and resolved, by the assistance of Lady Betty, his wife, to keep possession at all

hazards, and to sacrifice honour and gratitude to selfishness and ambition. He, therefore, demolished the chapel in which his benefactor's grandmother, Lady Mary Rich, and her eldest son, Duncan, had been interred, casting into the Tay the gravestones on which their names had been engraved, and, in 1826, broke the two pillars that were at the gate of the chapel, the inscriptions upon which he had before in his blindness, overlooked. Again his lady—for the grey mare seems to have been the better horse—and he appeared one dewy morning, before sunrise, in the burying-ground at Blairmore, ten miles from Taymouth Castle, sacrilegiously defacing the gravestones of Big Patrick and his wife, Jean M'Nab, which they afterwards caused to be cast into Loch Tay, and the city of the dead to be trenched and ploughed. After the destruction, no doubt, of all the inanimate evidence they could lay their hands upon, the worthy couple were arrested—by the fear of public opinion, which had been aroused by the unhappy fate of the ejected tenants, and the threat of the boldest of the people to bring in the rightful heirs—in their career of forcible expulsion of the masses of living witnesses that surrounded them. [See *Precognitions*, and *Parish Records of Glasgow.*]





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